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Clarksville, Tenn.

School Books,
Miscellaneous Books,
Sunday School Books,
Writing Paper,
Envelopes, Pens,
Pencils, Slates, Inks,
Copy Books,
Blank Books,
And everything pertaining to Office Stationery.

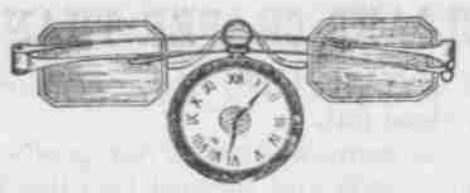
Pure Drugs,
Patent Medicines,
Dye-Stuffs, Paints,
Oils, Varnishes, Teas,
Spices, Perfumery,
Toilet Articles,
Cigars,
and Tobacco,
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Our Entire Stock is Fresh.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

L. GAUCHAT,

57 Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.



DEALER IN

**Fine Watches, Jewelry,
Clocks and Silverware.
Spectacles a Specialty.**

New, well selected and full stock. Will open new goods daily for the holidays. Prices the lowest. Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods in the most perfect manner. All work warranted. Nov. 30, 1878-19.

S. B. STEWART,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,

Paints, Oils, Toilet Articles.

Stationery, School Books, Etc.

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Clarksville, Tenn.

I cordially invite my friends and former patrons to come and examine my stock of goods. August 10, 1878-19.

DORITY,
OLDHAM,
POINDEXTER.**Dority, Oldham & Co.,**

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS!

No. 30 Franklin St.,

Clarksville, Tenn.

The customers of this house may rely on getting full value for their money. Our stock is entirely fresh, and was bought for CASH.

Orders by mail will receive the most careful attention.

Respectfully,

DORITY, OLDHAM & CO.

October 26, 1878-19

New Firm!**New Goods!**

J. F. WARFIELD.

J. B. REYNOLDS.

WARFIELD & REYNOLDS,

(OPPOSITE FOX & SMITH'S)

If you want bargains in

Drugs and Stationery, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Spices, Give us a call. We keep a full line of the above at

The Peoples Drug Store!

Prescriptions accurately compounded night or day.

January 4, 1878-19

DRUGS and PAINTS

TOILET ARTICLES,

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Tobacco, Cigars and Liquors,

AT

G. N. BYERS

BY WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

DON'T FORGET!

To go to V. L. Williams' popular Low

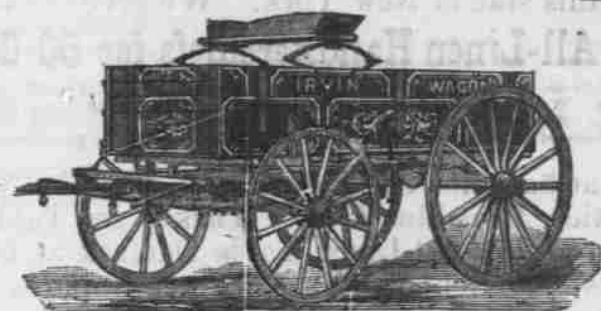
Priced Shoe Store for bargains in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, Etc. The

people do daily testify that he now has the best goods for the least money of any house in Clarksville. Reader, put us to the test, and prove what we say. Store

Room, on the Corner, No. 25 Franklin and First-Cross streets.

May 31, 1879-19

THE BEST Clarksville Wagons



**At Reduced Prices!
AS LOW AS THE LOWEST!**

The Clarksville Wagon Co. makes the very best Wagons known to the trade, uses none but thoroughly seasoned timber and other materials of the best quality. Prices Reduced as low as the inferior work of distant factories. We will not be undersold. We offer A No. 1 Wagons, strog and substantial, at very low figures. All our work is warranted. Call at Factory, or on Fox & Smith, Agents, and examine our Wagons before buying.

J. P. Y. WHITFIELD, President.

B. W. MACRAE, Treasurer.

June 21, 1879-19

NEW SUMMER GOODS.

Our buyer, W. F. COULTER, has returned from second trip East, and we are now prepared to show the trade

**MANY NEW NOVELTIES IN
Dress Goods.**

**Lace Buntings, Plain (all wool)
Buntings, black and Colored.**

Splendid Stock of Black Cashmeres at 50c. to \$1.50 per yard. Silk and wool and all wool Tamise, and the prettiest stock of

Lawns and Linen Lawns

Ever offered on this Market. We have great bargains in

NEW HOSIERY.

These Goods were bought late, and 25 to 50 per cent. lower than the early purchases, and it will pay you to see them.

Orders by mail will receive the most careful attention.

Respectfully,

DORITY, OLDHAM & CO.

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Tobacco, Cigars and Liquors,

AT

G. N. BYERS

BY WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Franklin Bank,

FRANKLIN STREET,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

STOCKHOLDERS.
Virgil A. Gurnett,
Wm. F. Pettus,
J. M. Anderson,
J. H. Perkins,
W. T. McKeynolds,
Geo. S. Hambaugh,
P. C. Hambaugh, President,
W. S. FORD, Vice-President,
W. S. FORD, Cashier.

Prompt Attention to Collections.

Nov. 24, 1874-19

For the CHRONICLE.

CLARKSVILLE-NEW ERA.

My object in writing these pages is to fill up a gap in my reminiscences of Clarksville occasioned by my absence for ten years. Having known every location previous to my removal thence, I am enabled to detect every improvement both public and private, and the changes that have otherwise taken place during my absence.

I had often heard the remark made by those whose interest prompted them, that Clarksville had lost the great bulk of the best men she retained previous to the war, that it was "going down hill." And I was led to believe it, not having any opportunity to know better. On my return, however, I determined to see for myself if these statements could be sustained. Accordingly I launched forth, and although I had not "a golden key in one hand, and a tobacco leaf in the other," I met with no obstacle to a free ingress and egress to all parts of the city, and have drawn my conclusions without endeavoring to please or to offend, as I have no selfish interest to subserve, or motives to dictate such a course. I shall state facts as they appear to be from the stand-point I occupy.

At the close of the war, the wheel of fortune and misfortune revolved with great rapidity. Individuals were thrown up with sky-rocket velocity to the pinnacle of financial prosperity, and the bellowing shouts of the gaping crowd below, whose tone servility made them cry out, "great is Diana." While on the other hand, the many fell from that giddy height and descended the rugged steep into the dark shadow beneath. No crowd was there with outstretched arms to check their downward course, no hand of sympathy put forth to wipe away the falling tear, but solitary and alone they accepted their fate.

Not a few faced about to fight the battle of life over again. Others penetrated the gloomy caverns of disappointment, and are still groping their way in the tortuous labyrinth of adversity, vainly hoping to see the light of prosperity.

What is friendship but a name—A shadow that follows wealth and fame, And leaves thee when the sun goes down?

And yet, notwithstanding these reverses, Clarksville has been improving with tenfold more energy than ever before. The business is immense; the area of public and private improvements has been largely extended, and still is being rapidly enlarged. In the business seasons the great thoroughfares are thronged with vehicles, many for the transportation of burdens, others for pleasure or convenience. The sidewalks are crowded with persons "tramped" to and fro with energy that knows no resting, and all are hurrying forward to their respective objective points. The halt, the lame, the blind, and all old fogies, should have no business there. They are pressed forward from the rear, rebuffed at the front, and jostled from side to side, and in the general rush, no one stops to inquire "who struck Billy Patterson?" or cares to know how the horse is pulled. All is hurry and confusion. Clarksville is called "the little city" in comparison. True, but it is like unto a promising boy standing in his father's boots and overcoat, boasting that he will soon be a man. That boy possesses the germs of all the elements which, when developed, will constitute the fully grown man, both physically and mentally, if rightly directed. So Clarksville boasts of her present status, possessing the germs, which in the future may be developed and constitute her a city set upon a hill, that cannot be hid, provided that commerce and manufactures go hand in hand, governed by legitimate principles. They are like the existence of the Siamese twins, two distinct, tangible existences, yet united. Sever them and they both languish or die. Manufactures must be governed by commerce, which is the life of the city, and commerce must be governed by manufactures, which is the life of the country. A machinist must not conduct a carpenter shop, nor a carpenter a watch-maker's establishment, nor one of the "learned professions" control the operations of a machine shop. Let every one keep within his legitimate sphere, on the principle of "keeping to the right as the law directs." These principles are of vital importance, and admit of no compromise.

Then, and not till then, will Clarksville or any other town become a city of magnificent proportions, her influence will be felt throughout the entire country, and become the peer of larger cities in the Union.

There is nothing more plainly to be seen than the radical changes that have taken place in all the walks of life within the last twelve years, and mostly for the better. First on the list is the mode of transacting business. It has become systematic. The old unbounded and everlasting credit system, which has been the utter ruin of so many, both of debtor and creditor, has by general consent been happily abandoned. Men now do business in such a manner as to know their position at a glance, and can cover their transactions with the size of their hand, as each system some what modified is pursued. The old business men have passed away, and with them the implicit confidence between men in business

Public and private improvements have been made with a rapidity heretofore unprecedented in Clarksville. The demand for dwellings and business houses has been and is yet so great that persons who wish to reside here have to reconnoitre

transactions. Now, Young America stands at the helm, the warning is, "Clear the track, let every one take care of himself, go ahead, and the devil, take the hindmost." If per chance they have not already been crushed by the wheels of the golden idol in the indiscriminate scramble to obtain it. From advertisements it would appear that every one has the largest stock, sells the cheapest, and does not want purchases to go to any other place until they come to theirs. This places the purchaser in an awkward quandary and bewilderment. The only way to solve this enigma is for him to make the circuit of the entire business circle, and then draw his own conclusion as to whom he shall patronize.

RELIGIOUS.

The inhabitants are still famed for "going to Church," and if all are Christians who do so, Clarksville is in a very healthy spiritual condition. There are orthodox Churches of almost every name, so that all can be suited. Christians, Jews and Gentiles are social in the daily walks of life and get along harmoniously. Congregational bigotry and clerical domination appear to have withdrawn from the arena.

A radical change appears to have taken place in the mode of preaching the Gospel. The old machinery propelled by fire and brimstone, so long used for the purpose of driving men to repentance and into the Church, seems to have been abandoned by general consent, the old machine thrown aside, like unto an old-fashioned and worn-out reaper, into a fence corner. As a general thing, the mode of preaching to-day is to appeal to men's common sense, to magnify the love of God toward his creature man, and to draw from man the gratitude he owes to a just, merciful and benevolent Creator. "The goodness of God leadeth men to repentance," which includes the doctrine of *restoration* for past offenses toward man, but the latter is seldom or never enjoined upon men to give them trouble.

Among the universal changes which have taken place, there is none more to be regretted than the mode of public worship in many of the Churches. Fashion, that diabolical master, has caused the people to delegate their privilege and right to praise God in a congregational capacity, to the organ and choir, the congregation looking on as though they had no part or lot in the matter, as the times they hear are to them unintelligible. If praise is a prominent feature in public worship, then there is dereliction of duty in many Christians in this particular. Organs and choirs are good in their legitimate spheres, they were introduced as adjuncts to assist in, and perfect congregational singing of such tunes as every one can sing with melody in their hearts. It is now performed by proxy with many. Although the former has been superseded and ostracized, it still has an existence elsewhere. It has fled for refuge across the Cumberland, and found an asylum in the breast of our old friend Squire Orgain, who is guarding it with parental and jealous care, and we trust, will eventually restore it to its rightful position, as we hear that he and his sweet singers of Christendom have for some time been skirmishing nearer to Clarksville, so near, that we can already hear the reverberations of old hound and other kindred music vaulted by the gentle breeze, and should not be surprised to find the spirits of Luther and his contemporaries in the legitimate spheres, and we trust that ere long they will take possession of our Churches and be the means of restoring the long missing fugitive to our care and protection. The Squire deserves the thanks and lasting gratitude of all who are advocates of praising God in an intelligent manner in common with the multitude.

EDUCATION.

The facilities for acquiring education in Clarksville are ample. Schools can be found here from the primary school to the university, so that the most ambitious student can be gratified throughout all the ramifications of learning. South-western Presbyterian University, Broadhurst Institute, City Public Schools, Clarksville Female Academy, St. Aloysius and a number of private schools; a City Public School for the colored people.

Another striking change is that ladies and children now find a cheerful recreation by riding in vehicles, the former sometimes being accompanied by two or three horses. So far as driving is concerned, they seem to be approaching no danger ahead, and as to speed, if John himself were ahead he would make the fastest trot out of their way into a fence corner. Accident policies, however, ought always to accompany every trip. Many years ago mothers with four or five children would have been seen riding on one and the same horse; now they pay the number into a carriage—an improvement.

Fashion rules the hour in all its diversified forms, so that her votaries who may pitch their residence here will find no inconvenience or disappointment in that respect. It has penetrated every department like the frogs in Egypt. It requires a novice with old fog notions sometimes to practice some fashions so as to get the hang of them and thereby be enabled to pass muster on parade.

A great change has taken place in "Poverty Row." The old gladiators of the legal profession have left the arena, young America has taken peaceable possession, and the fortress is still held. "Poverty Row" is approximating to the name of "Chancery Lane."

Public and private improvements have been made with a rapidity heretofore unprecedented in Clarksville. The demand for dwellings and business houses has been and is yet so great that persons who wish to reside here have to reconnoitre

in advance. They have to build or purchase or wait until a vacancy occurs. This state of affairs does not show a retrograde. The style of building houses is on the most improved plans, containing all the modern conveniences to be found anywhere. Buildings are put up with an eye to durability, elegance and convenience. Many are truly palatial.

The public buildings of note erected since the close of the war are of the first order. The first Baptist Church, on a commanding site on Madison street, is built of brick, commodious, durable, neat and unpretentious. It is a noble edifice well adapted to the purpose for which it was erected, and is every inch a church. The pastor is Rev. A. D. Sears.

The Presbyterian Church, built of brick, relieved by polished pillars, moldings, etc., of white stone. This church is very large and elaborately finished within and without, and may be called magnificently beautiful. Rev. J. W. Lupton is pastor of the same.

Trinity Church (Episcopal) is a noble pile of massive stone masonry, built of rough-hewn projecting rock, relieved by polished white stone of church architecture. It looks as though it had been erected in a remote age of antiquity and transported entire down the stream of time to its present location. It arrests the eye of every passer-by and commands his attention. A moonlight view of it to a contemplative mind fills the beholder with deep solemnity, which, rising to intense admiration, becomes blended with sublimity itself. Trinity Church stands majestically grand and like unto a giant wrapped in his own strength seems to bid defiance to the ravages of time. In centuries of the distant future. These three churches recently built reflect great credit on the contributors, the architects and the builders, and are prominent landmarks in the city. Rev. P. A. Pitts is the rector.

There have also been erected by the colored people two substantial and commodious brick churches, which are very sightly buildings and creditable to them and to the city. Others of less note have also been built. (Names not known.)

The city public school building has been completed. It is substantially built, and is in successful operation; it is under the superintendence of Mr. Perkins. All the grades and the high school are under its roof. It occupies one of the most eligible sites in the city. Another school house has been completed for the colored population. This house is also well built and with every convenience to be met with in the best regulated school-houses.

The appalling and disastrous conflagration which occurred on the night of the 13th of April, 1878, by which the Court House and about sixty other buildings, consisting of stores, warehouses and some dwellings, with an immense amount of personal property, were entirely consumed, threatened almost total destruction to the city, but was at last subdued by resorting to gunpowder to stop its ravages.

Although everybody complained of hard times and but little money afloat, the smoke of the debris had not entirely cleared away when the sound of the pick-axe, the trowel and hammer was heard over the burnt district, and in nine months nearly the whole was rebuilt with the most substantial brick buildings, and all occupied, which has evoked an energy and power of recuperation seldom to be met with anywhere.

Building houses is still the order of the day all over the city, particularly private residences. Waterworks have also been established here, by which the population can be supplied with an abundance of water for all purposes by paying for the privilege.

Having "tramped" all over the city and taken a general survey of it, I found that it had not only "gone down hill," but has gone down all the hills, covered the valleys, climbed the opposite hills and is spreading its wings into the country.

I had occasion to spend a day on the common contiguous to Clarksville, where cows are wont to congregate, and am persuaded that the scene I there witnessed of those being inside of enclosed pastures, must amount to twelve or fifteen hundred, and generally of fine breed. This may account for the fact that Clarksville contains such a multitude of healthy children, probably a greater number by far than any other city of its size to be found throughout the entire country. Several dairy establishments have been in operation for years past, and liberally sustained. Bread and cake bakeries, family groceries and other necessary articles, all of which are delivered at the dwellings of the citizens, if ordered, provided the cash is paid or can plainly be seen in the near future.

The meat and vegetable market is generally well supplied, prices governed by supply and demand, and as to vegetables and fruits, they are often sold for a less price than they can be raised for. The price of meats is uniform and the supply is bountiful.

Viands of every conceivable name can be purchased here, and the people can live as sumptuously as they can anywhere.

A prominent feature throughout the city is the beautiful lawns in front of private residences, with a profusion of the most beautiful flowers; many of them are rare exotics. These lawns are well cared for, and it would seem that every family has an ambition to excel in this laudable and commendable enterprise, as it is a prominent and integral part of a refined civilization.

Clarksville still retains the enviable position it has held for forty years past, that of being among the most healthful towns in the United

States. Nature has performed her part in the premises. With her natural drainage, the rains serve as scavengers. People die here prematurely, as in other places, but it ought to be patent to every reflecting mind that when persons start with a sound constitution, guard and protect it, good health, physically and mentally, will be the consequence, and longevity will become the general rule, instead of being the exception; like a machine of good material and well put together, it will continue in operation until it wears out, which in common parlance is termed "dying." This matter may be condensed in a nutshell by the injunction "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

BRIGHAM, ST.

Clarksville, Sept., 1879.

THE MELANCHOLY CAZAR.

His Coat of Mail and His "Splendid Prison of State"—Russia's "Barbaric" Despotism.

Correspondence of the New York World.

PARIS, August 30.—I have come to the conclusion that Russia wants a new Peter the Great. I may have taken this conclusion to St. Petersburg with me, but at any rate I came away with it, as a result of the little I saw and of the great deal I heard. The country is ready for a new departure and as willing to be led as ever by its Czar, but it must be led in a new way. Alexander now wants to lead in the old way, and hence all the troubles of this part of his reign. Yet no man has such an opportunity, for he still has, and a foreign minister present said, "It is touching, I am told, to see them prostrating themselves before him in the streets, and even kissing the ground on which he walks. This only intensifies the awful solitude of his position—a solitude which they say is driving him mad. He stands well ahead of his time, but he is not even in his sports. I have lately looked over hundreds of sketches of his daily life at court, preserved in the albums of Dr. Zichy, who was for some time painter to the imperial family. Whatever the Czar may be doing—hunting, dancing, or idling—it is always under conditions which remind him that he has no true fellowship with his kind. When he kills a bear he stands well ahead of his suite to meet the monster, the rest being so disposed in order as to help him in the chase. He should have a kind of undying remembrance of the distinctions of etiquette.

The very Winter Palace which is the Czar's ordinary residence at St. Petersburg is but a splendid prison of state where six thousand titled jailers stand between him and the world. I had time to look at the risk of traveling over ground already covered by the guide books. It is a town within a town. Its inmates are a veritable population, daily graded in the minutest subdivisions of official rank. The Czar, Russian army, and Russian navy, are all under conditions which remind him that he has no true fellowship with his kind. When he kills a bear he stands well ahead of his suite to meet the monster, the rest being so disposed in order as to help him in the chase. He should have a kind of undying remembrance of the distinctions of etiquette.

There would be one trifling hindrance to any such suit very much to be desired by the Emperor, it is the intense devotion of all classes. This is not to be concealed by any. The Russian people are a people of more civilized communities. The Russian Czarman crosses himself and matters a prayer as he passes a church, the Russian laborer or peasant prostrates himself or puts down his head to enter the building and bestow his hurried kiss on the feet of the monarch. In the main, the Russian people are little supplementary praying-houses where people who have not time to see the great things of the world, obtain a momentary refresher of devotion. Something decisive must be done, for Russia finds herself in a position of great peril. This stopped the Russian fleet and the Russian army. She still cherishes the old hate of her English rival, but for the moment she is powerless to do anything. She is going on in Central Asia. She still cherishes the old hate of her English rival, but for the moment she is powerless to do anything. She is going on in Central Asia. She still cherishes the old hate of her English rival, but for the moment she is powerless to do anything. She is going on in Central Asia.

Shortly before my visit great attention was bestowed on an American vessel under the command of Commodore Strid, which was anchored at Cronstadt. The authorities were more than usually anxious, and one of the Grand Dukes went on board expressly, as it was said in the official papers to mark his respect for the American flag. At the same time His Imperial Highness took the opportunity of reviewing a new class of patrol-cruisers, which, in the event of a war, is to be destroyed at British command. It is to be swift and heavily armed for its tonnage, and is to be a model of the new class, like a second Albion, and to strike terror into English merchantmen, with consequent loss of trade to Russia. These are the dreams rather than the realities of Russian policy, but who can deny such consolation to a nation in the sulks? The country is sick in heart and brain and some great change is inevitable to reconcile the growing desire for progress with the reverence for the imperial institution. Other ideas are wanted, ideas from the outside, but unfortunately Russia is no longer disposed to benefit by foreign advice. Under Peters he sought it; under his successors she nourished the praiseworthy ambition to run alone. The Czar is falling into disfavor, although he still administers the country, and the serious discussion between Prince Bismarck and the Emperor has not been a common courtesy among the potentates of Europe. But the governing of a country can hardly be conducive to unalloyed cheerfulness of disposition. The Emperor has a troubled look; there is unrest in every flicker of his gaze. He stares at you when he meets you in the street as though he were wondering with what weapon you were going to shoot him—the one who shoots, the six-shooter, the bomb or the knife.

If the Russian Czar could save Russia would be on the high road to sweetness and life. She has very perfect institutions of this kind, and she has no more to be known. The system of political book-keeping is probably the most perfect in the world. You cannot enter a country without proper attestations from every Russian official in the various towns on your route, and you cannot leave it without direct permission from the authorities. Your passport is taken from you as soon as you reach a Russian city. It is a card with the soldier, who cover it with hieroglyphics at their leisure, and you have to claim it of them formally on the eve of your departure, so that there is no possibility of your slipping away without their having the time to enter you up in their books. On leaving you obtain a kind of negative certificate of good conduct to the effect that they see no reason why you should not be allowed to quit the country. It prevents nothing of course, it saves nothing; but it keeps the official

employed. The police archives of Russia are a more stupendous accumulation of useless labor than Stonehenge. Every man of the slightest importance has his dossier in the Police Bureau, and quite a few people who have never done anything remarkable to their own knowledge were astonished to find what excellent materials for a library sketch of them exist in the pigeon-holes of the department. These officials never forget a thing. They can tell you things about yourself which you have forgotten—that in 1871 you were at St. Petersburg, that you went to St. Petersburg, that you had a dinner with the Emperor at Nijni-Novgorod or a mild attack of sun-stroke at Odessa. It was your hotel waiter, dare say, who reported all this to the bureau. Only think of the extent of bookkeeping when such particulars are forthcoming nearly every day. They are the Czar's dominions. At one police office in St. Petersburg you may learn people's addresses. It is a kind of city directory. You hand in the name at a desk and after half an hour's or sometimes an hour's search among innumerable portfolios they give you the whereabouts of your man, in return for which doubtful service you pay a small fee. This minute surveillance of all constitutes in a large measure the Russian idea of good government.

In the higher political circles the greatest ingenuity is shown in covering the secret of every official cipher. Telegrams are copied, the cipher is submitted to experts, and in a short time the mystery is revealed. It is easy to do this without opening despatches owing to the modern system of sending telegrams by wire. At a dinner party of Prince Gortschakoff the conversation turned on this subject, and the official present said that he believed his Government had a cipher that might defy the ingenuity of the world. Gortschakoff made a sign to a secretary, and before they left the table the Minister received a neat translation in very choice Russian of a cipher telegram which had reached him that very afternoon.

But though Russia cannot be saved by the bureaucracy and in all probability will not be saved by the Emperor, it may still be saved by the saints. If these sacred personages would only put their ornaments to the country, they might be relieved of its financial embarrassment in four or twenty hours. The world has never seen a more complete aggregation of wealth in precious stones as may be found on their images. In large churches of the great Russian cities, the walls are covered with gems. The basis of the image is a rudely executed painting, of which all but the face and hands are covered with gold. The face and hands are the only parts of the image in this its turn is decked with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topaz and the rest of the votive gifts of generations of worshippers. The saint would consent to part with their ornaments the exchequer might be filled to-morrow. There would be a kind of working capital for the conduct of the Empress Catherine at the Pruth, where that heroic woman saved Peter and the Russian army from a Russian disaster. There would be one trifling hindrance to any such suit very much to be desired by the Emperor, it is the intense devotion of all classes. This is not to be concealed by any. The Russian people are a people of more civilized communities. The Russian Czarman crosses himself and matters a prayer as he passes a church, the Russian laborer or peasant prostrates himself or puts down his head to enter the building and bestow his hurried kiss on the feet of the monarch. In the main, the Russian people are little supplementary praying-houses where people who have not time to see the great things of the world, obtain a momentary refresher of devotion. Something decisive must be done, for Russia finds herself in a position of great peril. This stopped the Russian fleet and the Russian army. She still cherishes the old hate of her English rival, but for the moment she is powerless to do anything. She is going on in Central Asia. She still cherishes the old hate of her English rival, but for the moment she is powerless to do anything. She is going on in Central Asia.

Richard Whittington.

The Fort Worth (Texas) Democrat reports that in Johnson county a lady was visited by two of her lady friends who spent the day with her. She told them of lately having come into possession of a large sum of money, and that the absence of her husband annoyed her because she was afraid of being robbed. That night a stranger stopped at her house, and during the night being awakened by a noise in the lady's room he heard her crying. Two persons came from near the house. On investigation it was found that the negroes were the lady's guests, and that they had been with her. The two who had been her husband's.

This fall meeting of the Nashville Blood Horse Association commences October 6th, and continues several days.

The modern drama should have more acts, in order to allow a man to go out often between acts. We wish to call the attention of dramatists to this.